

# Dead Mirror

Nasum

Dead mirror  
Bad reflection  
A sad sight  
The face of exploitation

Too many silent screams  
Too many things to mind  
Can't bear to watch no more  
In fear of going blind

Dead eyes  
Stitched together  
Broken dreams  
Of a life that's better

He promised health and wealth  
He said you would be free  
The truth was closer to death  
It was true misery

Open your eyes  
In the wake of your mind  
You'll see he's weaker now  
So picture this:  
There is a way  
For you to break him down

Center the pain  
Now find the strength  
The force to challenge this  
Illusion of life  
In the end  
You'll win - you will survive